

terkn. Fe. id do
 job myself.
 OR
 il head



LIQUOR
BARN

i like you guardian angel.. you're all in my heart
but i love you anyway & i know you're there

★
1993 ANGST
★
FAWZ GEHWEILER
★
1

★ Revolution Atari style now!!

★ these:


★ hi mom!

ANGST
3871 PIEDMONT AVE
BOX 312
OAKLAND CA.

94611

★ my
Super duper
mini comic grab
bags are still
available for 75¢
but give me time
to fold tape + staple... etc.

LETRASET
134

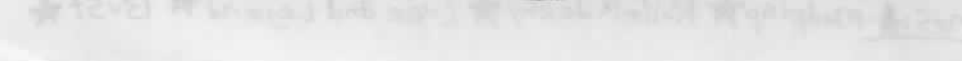
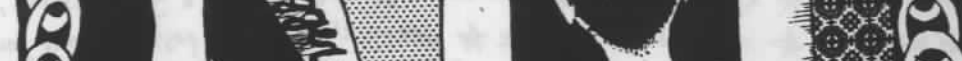
Thanks
xoxox,
♥
fawn.



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PLUS:

A FUN ACTIVITY PAGE:



ANY QUESTIONS?



FIGURE A:
A BASEBALL BAT.

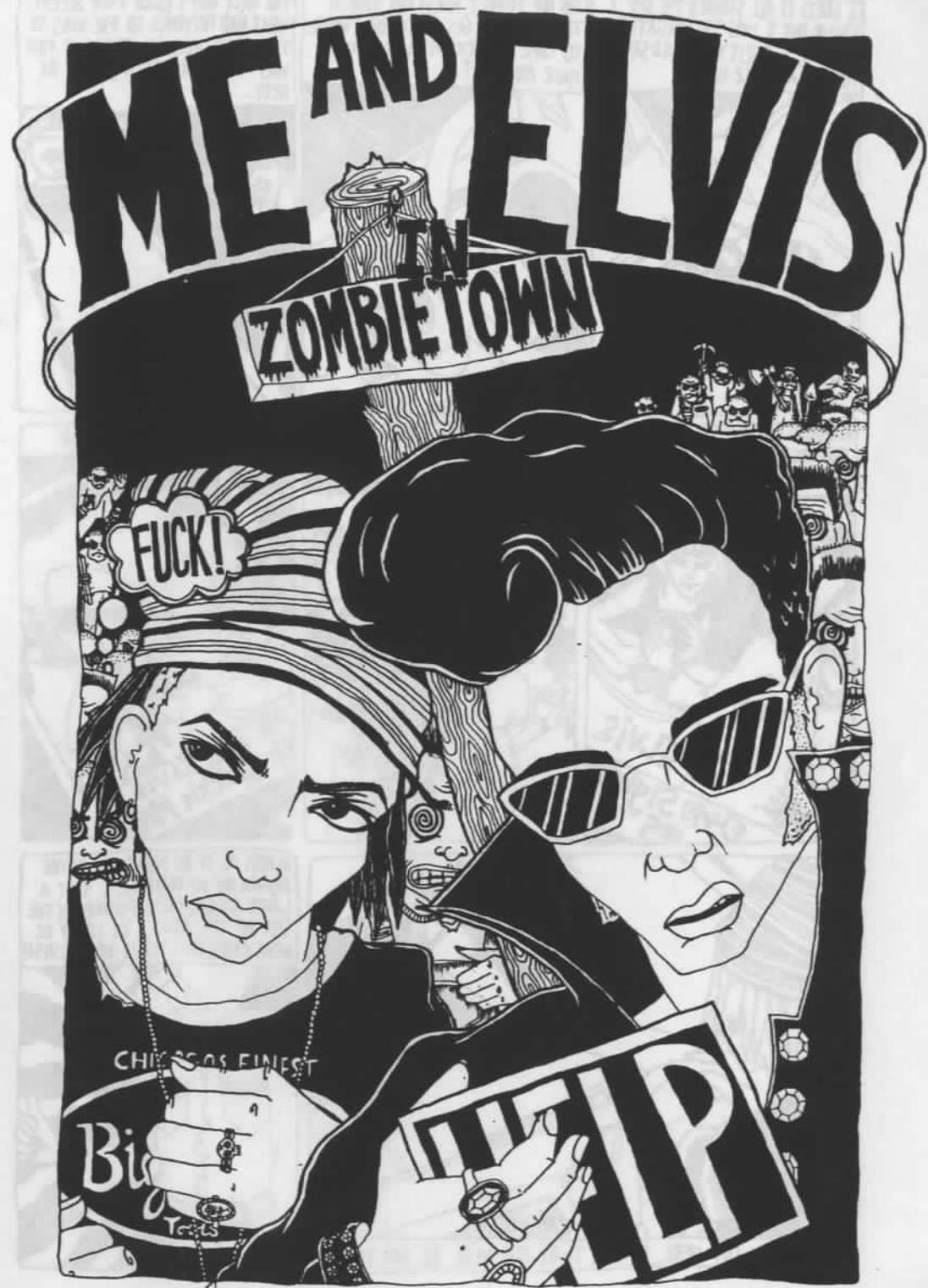


FIGURE B:
SOME IDIOT'S HEAD.

MAKING THE WORLD YOU
LIVE IN MORE LIVABLE:
A 2-PART SEMINAR

guest Lecturer: pawn gehweiler.

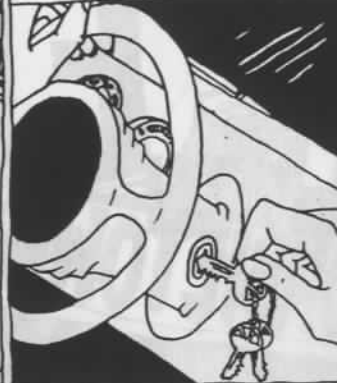
June 1993.



I GUESS IT ALL STARTED THE DAY I FOUND OUT I WAS IN PURGATORY... YEAH, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I TOOK IT A LITTLE HARD.



THE ONE THING I KNEW FOR SURE IS THAT I HAD TO GET AWAY FOR A WHILE. TO COME TO TERMS WITH MY EXISTENCE AND STUFF.



THE ONLY WAY I COULD EVER ACCEPT WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO ME WAS TO FIND ELVIS. BECAUSE, REALLY, IF THIS WAS PURGATORY, ELVIS HAD TO BE HERE...



ALL THOSE OLD LADIES IN SUPERMARKET TABLOIDS? YOU KNOW THE ONES? WELL, THEY'VE ALL SEEN ELVIS...



WHY? YOU MAY ASK... YOU GUESSED IT... PURGATORY.



AND THEY CAN'T ALL BE WRONG.



HE HAS TO BE OUT HERE... HE HAS TO BE OUT HERE... HE HAS TO BE...

ALMOST AS IF BY MAGIC, OR MAYBE DRAWN BY MY MANTRA, I SPOT A LARGE SIDEBURNED FIGURE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD... IT COULD BE NONE OTHER THAN... YES, IT WAS!! ELVIS!!



I guess I do have A habit of drinking too much coffee, though...



★ Godhead Lit. ★ Zines and minicomics to end all zines and minicomics: ★

★ alphabet threat (bicycle, castration, deep, and eastern orthodox threat...) ★ aint nothin' like fuckin' moonshine ★ aim your dick ★ artbabe ★ are you there god? its me, snarla. ★ benzene ★ chipstar/kitty-zine ★ deepgirl ★ dead possum home journal ★ d.c. smartpunch handbook ★ destroy all comics ★ drag alley ★ dishwasher ★ the diane files ★ factsheet 5 ★ farm pulp ★ filth ★ girl hero ★ hysteria action forum ★ practically anything put out by information panic ★ practically anything put out by Love Bunni press ★ knife ★ murder can be fun ★ motorbooty ★ make-out session ★ meatcake ★ misery + vomit ★ no longer silent ★ no hope ★ optic nerve ★ outpunk ★ strike ★ spin = 0 ★ sweet tooth ★ sneezing jesus ★ thorn ★ unmentionable ★ when my brother was god ★ void ★ exedra ★ if i forgot you, i'm sorry, and please stop making fun of my alphabetization.. ★

★ Heavy Rotation ★ a playlist of sorts (since I still have space to fill.) ★

★ caroliner rainbow ★ sly and the family stone, greatest hits ★ antioch arrow ★ some velvet sidewalk ★ candle ★ crass ★ jad fair ★ velvet underground ★ flux of pink indians ★ Sonic Youth ★ pollution circus ★ heroin ★ indian summer ★ kicking giant ★ moss icon ★ d.i.r.t. ★ ethyl meatplow ★ kill rock stars comp. ★ throw yo-yo studios comp. ★ beat happening ★ Lois ★ fire party ★ poison girls ★ jonathan richman ★ chumbawamba ★ rudimentary peni ★ bratmobile ★ amebix ★ hated ★ malcolm mclaren ★ courtney love (no relation to the human being) ★ driftwood ★ cupid car club ★ billy bragg ★ neil young ★ morrissey ★ ★ cops, more zines: ★ mudflap ★ Roller derby ★ Lure and Legend ★ Bust ★

AN ARTIST'S GUIDE TO CAFE HOPPING

I LOVE CAFES. CAFES ARE AN AMAZING THING. ESPECIALLY THIS ONE. I COME HERE TO GET MY WORK DONE. SOMETIMES IT ACTUALLY HAPPENS...



IN A CAFE, THERE ARE NONE OF THE DISTRACTIONS I WOULD HAVE TO FACE AT HOME. NO PHONE CALLS, NO FRIENDS STOPPING BY...



And the conversation is always stimulating.



I GUESS I KNEW IT WAS HIM BY THE WHITE SEQUINED POLYESTER AND PLATFORM SHOES... I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE HE WAS GOING BUT DECIDED TO MAKE IT A LITTLE EASIER ON HIM...



HE LEANED IN THE WINDOW, REEKING OF STALE CIGARETTES AND CHEAP LOUNGE ACTS (SUCH IS LIFE IN THE AFTERWORLD), AND SAID "EVENIN' MA'AM, CAN YA HELP ME GET TO GRACELAND?"



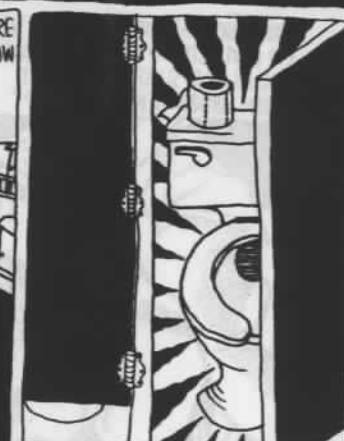
OF COURSE I WOULD... HEY, ANYTHING FOR MY GAUDDIAN ANGEL. AND MAYBE THIS COULD GET ME OUT OF PURGATORY.



I ASKED ELVIS WHERE HE WAS HEADED, AND HE SAID "WELL, AFTER I STOP OFF AT GRACELAND FOR A PAIR OF SENSIBLE SHOES AND A BITE, I'LL BE HEADING DOWN TO SEE THE BIG GUY TO SEE IF I'VE DONE ENOUGH REPENTING YET." ELVIS, APPARENTLY, KNEW HE WAS IN PURGATORY THE WHOLE TIME. I FELT A LITTLE STUPID TELLING HIM THAT I HAD JUST FOUND OUT. "THAT JUST DON'T SEEM RIGHT," HE SAID, AND INVITED ME TO COME WITH HIM TO THE MAIN OFFICE IN MIAMI...



MIAMI, HE PROCEEDED TO TELL ME, IS WHERE THE GATES TO HEAVEN ARE LOCATED. EVER NOTICE HOW OLD PEOPLE ALWAYS MOVE TO FLORIDA? NOW YOU KNOW WHY. APPARENTLY, THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS LOCATED THROUGH A PORTAL IN THE 3RD STALL OF THE MENS BATHROOM IN THE PINK FLAMINGO MOTEL.



I GUESS GOD HAS A SENSE OF HUMOR AFTER ALL.

AS FOR RIGHT NOW THOUGH, WE WERE GETTING REALLY HUNGRY. IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE MY LAST MEAL AND EVEN LONGER SINCE ELVIS.



WE PULLED INTO A TRUCKSTOP JUST OUTSIDE THE TEXAS BORDER.



A HUSH FELL ON THE ROOM WHEN WE WALKED IN, AND NO ONE LOOKED VERY PLEASED TO HAVE US THERE. I GUESS THEY DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO OUR TYPE IN THESE PARTS.



THERE WAS A "CLICK" AS THE DOOR CLOSED BEHIND US.

I STARTED TO NOTICE THAT EVERYONE IN THE TRUCKSTOP LOOKED A LITTLE STRANGE, KIND OF PALE AND BLOATED, WITH PARCHED LIPS AND A BLANK LOOK IN THEIR EYES.



THEN AGAIN, I'D BEEN DRIVING ALL NIGHT, SO MY JUDGEMENT COULD HAVE BEEN A LITTLE OFF.



BUT THEN ONE OF THEM CAME UP TO ELVIS, LIFTED HIM BY THE SHIRT COLLAR, AND SLURRED "YOU AINT FROM AROUND HERE, ARE YOU?"



HEY " I YELLED, "PUT HIM DOWN, YOU BRUTE, DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS? THIS IS THE KING, ELVIS PRESLEY. C'MON ELVIS, LETS GO. I KNOW WHEN WE'RE NOT WANTED."



I TURNED TO THE DOOR, ONLY TO BE FACED BY A FAT, BALD MAN, THE SAME BLANK STARE ON HIS FACE. AS HE GRABBED MY ARMS, I SAW THE STITCHES WHERE HIS HAND HAD BEEN SEWN ON. I STARTED TO SCREAM. SO DID ELVIS.



So You Want To be a Bohemian?

AND OF COURSE, IF YOU EAT LOTS OF BREAD AND CHEESE, ITS ALMOST MANDATORY THAT YOU DRINK WINE. (BEATNIK ETIQUETTE AND ALL.) PERSONALLY, I PREFER BOONES FARM STRAWBERRY HILL, BUT SOME SAY ZINFANDEL IS A LOT HIPPER, ESPECIALLY RED ZINFANDEL, WHICH GOES HAND IN HAND WITH WRITING BAD POETRY.



ITS NO PROBLEM REALLY. ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS POUR LOTS OF SUGAR IN YOUR BOTTLE AND SHAKE IT A LITTLE...



YEAH... YOU BLOW A COOL HORN, DADDY-O. OH...ERM, HE...UH...I GUESS I WAS SUPPOSED TO SHOW YOU WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A BOHEMIAN (IN 5 MINUTES OR LESS.) WELL, AS LONG AS YOUVE GOT SOME BEADS, AND MAYBE AN ALLEN GINSBERG BOOK... YOU'RE PRETTY CLOSE...



...OR JUST GETTING DRUNK...



OF COURSE, HAVING A WAREHOUSE FLAT IN THE SOUTH OF MARKET DISTRICT OR JOINING AN IMPROV-JAZZ BAND DOESNT HURT EITHER. BUT THAT ALL COMES MUCH, MUCH LATER. FIRST YOU NEED TO REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR FRIDGE STOCKED WITH LOTS AND LOTS OF BREAD AND CHEESE, BOHEMIAN STAPLES.



THE ONLY PROBLEM WITH DRINKING RED ZINFANDEL AND BEING REAL HIP AND BOHEMIAN-LIKE IS THAT RED ZINFANDEL IS EXTREMELY BITTER AND NASTY AND AWFUL...



BUT... JUST FOR YOU, I'VE GOT A SECRET WAY TO GET OUT OF THIS LITTLE DILEMMA.

PRESTO... IT TASTES JUST LIKE GRAPE KOOL AID!!! NEAT HUH? ...WANNA TRY SOME?



DISCLAIMER: do this at your risk and don't sue me if hip bohemian types laugh at you.

The End

5 types of art students: a case study



the art school jock

YEAH, WITH ALL THESE ARTSY HIPPIE GIRLS HERE I'M SURE I CAN GET LAID... HEY, WANNA BEER?



PARENTS PAY HIS TUITION YEAR AFTER YEAR SO HE CAN GET DRUNK, SKIP CLAS A LOT, AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF FRESHMAN GIRLS. SADLY ENOUGH, IT IS USUALLY HIS TYPE THAT GRADUATES.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURE: LISTENS TO THE CHILL PEPPERS WAY TOO MUCH...

the "too weird" type

YEAH, THEN I DID ALL THESE SCREENS OF JOHN TRAVOLTA, ALL IN NEONS, AND SHE STILL GAVE ME A "D"!



DESTINED TO DROP OUT WITHIN A YEAR, LIVE IN CON-DEMNED WAREHOUSES AND SHOW BAD ART FILMS AT BAD CAFES.

DISTINGUISHING FEATURE: THE ONLY PEOPLE WHO CAN UNDERSTAND HER VISION ARE PEOPLE JUST LIKE HER. ALSO STRONGLY BELIEVES SMURFS ARE A SYMBOL OF OPPRESSION.

the dedicated artist

YEAH, I'VE BEEN LIVING OUT OF MY CAR TO SAVE UP FOR THIS PAINTING- I'M GOING TO DO...



MASTERED THE ART OF CONVINCING THE GAURD THAT HE'S REALLY NOT LIVING IN THE SCHOOL'S STUDIO, EVEN THOUGH EVERYTHING HE OWNS IS IN HIS PAINT LOCKER. NOTE: RICH, PRETENTIOUS TYPES ARE GETTING A LOT BETTER AT IMPERSONATING THIS TYPE SO B'E CAREFUL... THEY ARE NOT TO BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY IN ANY WAY.

the lifelong outcast

YEAH, MY COUNSELOR SAID I SHOULD GO HERE THAT I MIGHT FIT IN. HE WAS WRONG. ITS WORSE THAN HIGH SCHOOL.



USUALLY SENT TO AN ART SCHOOL IN HOPES OF A MIRACLE SOCIAL BREAK-THROUGH, THIS TYPE EITHER EMBRACES THE EXPERIENCE AND BUYS A LEATHER JACKET AND PIERCES HIS NOSE OR HE DROPS OUT TO WORK IN COMPUTERS.

the performance artist

YEAH, THEN I'LL STICK MY HEAD IN THIS DUCT TO SYMBOLIZE MY OPRESSION, THEN I'LL YELL 'AVOCADO' OVER AND OVER AND JUMP UP AND DOWN... ISNT THAT DEEP?



DESTINED TO WORK IN A CAFE THE REST OF HER LIFE BUT IS PERFECTLY HAPPY, JUST AS LONG AS SHE CAN DO IMPROV WHILE SHE WAITS ON THE TABLES...

I WOKE UP CHAINED TO A PIANO... MY HEAD WAS STILL THROBBING. I PEERED INTO THE DARKNESS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHERE I WAS...



AS MY EYES ADJUSTED, I NOTICED THAT IT LOOKED A LOT LIKE A CHEESY VEGAS LOUNGE. I SEE ELVIS CHAINED TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PIANO. "WELL, NOW WE'VE DONE IT, HAVEN'T WE, ELVIS?"



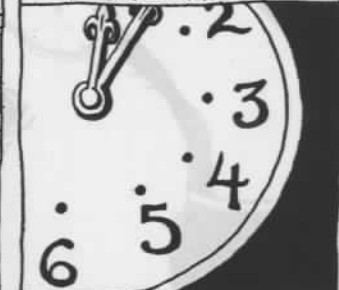
"ELVIS? ELVIS? ARE YOU D.K.?" HE LOOKED UP AT ME, FEAR IN HIS EYES, AND TOLD ME ABOUT ZOMBIE-TOWN. THIS IS WHERE WE WERE, HE SAID, AND NO ONE HAS EVER BEEN KNOWN TO GET OUT ALIVE.



"BUT ELVIS," I SAID "WERE NOT ALIVE..." "METHER ARE THEY, SO IT DOESN'T MATTER SO MUCH FOR THAT LIDPHOLE. APPARENTLY, THE PEOPLE OF ZOMBIE-TOWN KEEP THEIR VISITORS AS SLAVES... EVENTUALLY, THEY BECOME ZOMBIES THEMSELVES..."



TIME IN ZOMBIE-TOWN DOESN'T MOVE IN ANY DIRECTION... IT COULD BE THE SAME TIME FOREVER, AND WE COULD BE TRAPPED FOR AN ETERNITY...



THE MOST WE COULD HOPE FOR IS A JOB IN THE TRUCK STOP SO WE CAN WARN OTHERS OF THIS FATE.

NEEDLESS TO SAY WE WEREN'T SO LUCKY. THE FAT BALD MAN FROM THE TRUCK STOP CAME IN TO GIVE US OUR WORK ASSIGNMENTS... WE WERE GOING TO BE ZOMBIE-TOWN'S NEW LOUNGE ACT.



"NO, NO, NO, NO!" I SCREAMED, BEING A LOUNGE ACT WAS A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH.



THE MAN SAID NOTHING... HE HANDED US SOME SEQUINED COSTUMES AND A LIST OF MEL TORME SONGS... THEN HE WAS GONE...

"HEY, GET A LOAD OF THIS OUTFIT! THIS CAN'T BE ALL THAT BAD. DO WE GET PAID? HUH, ELVIS, DO WE? ELVIS?"



ELVIS DIDN'T RESPOND...

THAT NIGHT, THE LOUNGE WAS PACKED. I GUESS WORD HAD GOTTEN AROUND ABOUT THE NEW ACT. APPLAUSE BURST OUT AS WE PLAYED THE FIRST FEW LINES OF "STARWAY TO HEAVEN". EVEN MORE APPLAUSE AS WE BELTED OUT "STOP IN THE NAME OF LOVE." BUT ELVIS NEVER EVEN LOOKED UP. HE ONLY PERKED UP A LITTLE AS WE DID OUR ROUSING RENDEZVOUS OF "BLUE SUEDE SHOES."



IT WAS KIND OF SAD SEEING ELVIS THAT WAY...



ALMOST AS BAD AS SEEING HIM DID AND FAT AND STUFFED INTO WHITE POLYESTER LIKE A TRAGICALLY HIP SAUSAGE.



AND IT ONLY GOT WORSE... EVERY NIGHT, MONTH AFTER MONTH, THE SAME SONGS, SAME APPLAUSE, SAME BLANK STARES.



I TRIED TO TELL ELVIS THAT WE WOULD BE D.K., WE WOULD ESCAPE. BUT HE NEVER SEEMED CONVINCED.

WINDEX: THE ART PUNK

YEAH, I THINK ALL ART SHOULD COME FROM WITHIN... I HATE ALL THOSE PEOPLE WHO JUST SIT AROUND IN THEIR BLACK CLOTHES AND GRAB ON TO WHATEVER IS HIP... WELL, JUST BECAUSE IM WEARING BLACK CLOTHES DOESNT MEAN IM LIKE THAT, UMM...



ONE TOKEN → PIERCING: T-SHIRT DISPLAYING EITHER HER ECLECTIC TASTE IN MUSIC, OR HER LATEST SCREENPRINTING MASTERPIECE. LOW MAINTENANCE HAIR. THE ART PUNK IS TOO BUSY CREATING TO WORRY ABOUT APPEARANCES. OVERPRICED PAIR OF USED OVERALLS. INK STAINED ON PURPOSE FOR THAT ARTSY LOOK. ABNORMAL FETISH FOR THE 70s AND 80s OR SESAME STREET. THOUGH THIS IS SOMETHING ALL ART PUNKS SHARE, THEY HONESTLY BELIEVE THAT IT SETS THEM APART. RECORDS: CRASH WORSHIP AND ALLEGORY CHAPEL... SONIC YOUTH AND TRAGIC MULE TO BE MORE MAIN-STREAM. SECRETLY, THOUGH, SHE LIKES BLUR A LOT.

DETOX: THE ANARCHO-CRUSTY

I MEAN, WHY SHOULD I BATHE? IF EVERYONE COULD LEARN TO LIVE LIKE WE DO - WITH NO REGARD FOR MATERIALISM AND VANITY THEN WE COULD CHANGE THE WORLD... HEY, AM I GETTING PAID FOR THIS? WHERE DO I GET MONEY FOR BEER AND STUFF? POH, FROM MY MOM... SHE'S A LAWYER FOR POLITICIANS.



DREADLOCKS AS AN ANTI-VANITY STATEMENT. CLESS MILITANT TYPES MAY ALSO HAVE "BIG HAIR" BUT ONLY IF THEY CAN FIND CRUELTY FREE HAIR SPRAY. T-SHIRT OF ANY POLITICAL BAND. JACKET WITH AT LEAST 20 PATCHES ON IT - ALL ANTI-ESTABLISHMENT SYMBOLS. ALSO A PIERCING OF THE MONTH VICTIM. NON LEATHER SPIKED JEWELRY. 6 LAYERS OF CLOTHING, ALL BLACK, ALL COATED WITH GRUNGE. HOME BREWED PROFIT FREE, STRICTLY VEGAN BEER. RECORDS: REAL ANARCHIST CRUSTY DONT OWN RECORDS CAUSE RECORDS ARE MATERIAL POSSESSIONS AND MATERIAL POSSESSIONS SUPPORT CAPITALIST GREED. HE DOES HOWEVER HAVE A FEW BADLY DUBBED TAPES OF CRASS AND RUDI PENI LIVE AT A SQUAT IN EUROPE. CONSISTANT SCATING OF BLACK GRIME ON ALL EXPOSED SKIN AREAS. SHOES THEY CLAIM ARE NOT REAL LEATHER.

BUSTER: THE SKATERAT

HEY SEE MY NEW BOARD? MY MOM BOUGHT IT FOR ME CAUSE MY FRIENDS WERE LAUGHING AT THE ONE I GOT LAST WEEK.. IT WAS TOO OLD SCHOOL.. NO, I HAVENT RIDDEN IT YET - I DONT WANT TO MESS UP THE GRAPHICS SO I DROVE HERE IN MY MOMS CAR.



USUALLY BALD, TO SUIT HIS ALTER-EGO AS THE SUBURBAN STRAIGHT-EDGE KID. YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE THAT HE SOMEHOW MAIN-TAINS INTO THE LATE 20s. WALLET WITH A PRE-ATTACHED CHAIN FOR AN EXTRA \$20. 30 SKATE HAT... USUALLY WITH SOME COMPANY'S LOGO. THE BIGGER, THE BETTER. 30 SKATE SHIRT BY A COMPANY THAT DOESNT EVEN MAKE SKATEBOARDS. ANOTHER 30 SKATE SHIRT. 60 SKATE PANTS: CUSTOM MADE 10 SIZES TOO LARGE. HIS RECORDS: ANYTHING THRASHER MAGAZINE OR THE OTHER SKATERS SAID WAS COOL. NOT SHOWN: THE PERFECTLY ROLLED SOCKS. TAKES 20 MINUTES TO GET IT RIGHT. 200 HI-TECH SKATE SHOES.

SIMILARITY TO ANY PERSON LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY A PERSONAL JAB... YOU KNOW WHO YOU ARE... STAY TUNED NEXT WEEK WHEN MAJENTA BECOMES A TRALLER PARK BRIDE, OTTO GETS A JOB ON WALL STREET, DETOX INHERITS THE McDONALDS CORPORATION, AND BUSTER LEARNS TO DO AN OLLIE...

I GUESS EVERY ERA HAS THEM...AND THESE ARE A FEW OF OURS:

"MEET THE Nonconformist of the Month CLUB..."

NOTES TO QUALIFY AS A MEMBER, YOU MUST HAVE AT LEAST 10 IDENTICAL COUNTERPARTS ON ANY STREET ALONE...

MATENTA: THE DEATH ROCKER

I SAW THE CURE ON MTV LAST WEEK SO I WENT OUT AND BOUGHT ALL OF THESE BLACK CLOTHES...SO NOW I LOOK REAL "ALTERNATIVE" AND I FIT IN AT ALL THE CLUBS. AND MAYBE THE CUTE DEATH ROCK GUY AT SCHOOL WILL TALK TO ME NOW.

DYED BLACK HAIR... (EVEN IF IT WAS ALREADY BLACK.)
EXCESSIVE USE OF EYE-LINER AND RED LIPSTICK.
LEATHER JACKET WITH NOUVEAU "INDUSTRIAL" AND "DEATH ROCK" LOGOS ON IT. DESPITE THE LEATHER JACKET AND SHOES, THESE PEOPLE ALWAYS CLAIM TO BE FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS.
AS MANY ITEMS OF BLACK CLOTHING AS MUMMY'S GOLD CARD COULD BUY.
BRAND NEW DOC MARTENS (USUALLY SOME HIP COLOR). ANOTHER OPTION: POINTY BLACK SHOES.
HER RECORD COLLECTION: EVERY CURE + SIOUXSIE RELEASE (ALL BOUGHT AT ONCE, LAST WEEK.) THE NEW NINE INCH NAILS AND MINISTRY CD'S... ALL HER MADONNA, DEBBIE GIBSON AND NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK CD'S ARE HIDDEN IN THE BACK.

OTTO: THE PUNK ROCKER

YEAH... I'VE BEEN LISTENING TO THE GERMS SINCE I WAS 12 YEARS OLD, AND I HAD A GREEN MO-HAWK BEFORE ANYONE ELSE, THEY'RE ALL JUST POSEURS..

THE LATEST HIP HAIR COLOR.
MEMBER OF THE PIERCING OF THE MONTH CLUB.
EXCESSIVE AMOUNT OF STUPID CRUCIFIXES.
LEATHER JACKET. THIS TIME WITH STUDS AND PATCHES (REAL PUNKS DON'T PAINT). HE IS ALSO FOR ANIMAL RIGHTS.
GENERIC PUNK TEE. (THE SEX PISTOLS AND ANARCHY SYMBOLS ARE CLASSIC PRE-TEEN FAVES.)
RIPPED PANTS (ON PURPOSE, OF COURSE.)
THE BIGGEST-MEANEST DOC MARTENS THAT MONEY COULD BUY.
THE SAFETY PIN-ASPIRING PUNK STAPLE.
EVER MINUTE BOLLOCKS HERE THE SEX.
AS MANY CHAINS AS THE FAMILY DOG COULD STARE.
HIS RECORD COLLECTION: GBH, U.K. SUBS, THE EXPLOITED, AND ANY OTHER BAND WITH BIG HAIR AND NOTHING TO STAND FOR...

BRADY: THE NORTHWESTERNER

YEAH, I WAS INTO NIRVANA WAY BEFORE THEY GOT REALLY BIG...AND I WAS BORN IN SEATTLE...AND DON'T I LOOK LIKE KURT COBAIN? HUH? DON'T I?

BACKWARDS BASEBALL CAP.
ANOTHER OPTION: GRUNGY SHOULDER LENGTH HAIR (DIED PINK OR PURPLE).
T-SHIRT OF ANY BAND FROM THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.
EXPENSIVE DESIGNER SHIRT. MADE TO LOOK LIKE IT WAS FOUND IN THE GARAGE.
JEANS RIPPED TO LOOK JUST LIKE THE ONES NIRVANA WEAR. ALSO AN OPTION: OLD MEN'S PANTS, CUT OFF BELOW THE KNEE.
DAD'S OLD FLANNEL.
PAIR OF OLD CHUCK TAYLORS, OR BETTER YET, STOLEN BOWLING SHOES.
HIS RECORD COLLECTION: NIRVANA, PEARL JAM, MUDHONEY VIRTUALLY ANY OTHER SEATTLE BAND. (ON A MAJOR LABEL, THAT IS.)



THEN IT HAPPENED...



THE NEXT NIGHT THERE WAS A NEW FACE IN THE CROWD.



A STRANGELY FAMILIAR FACE...



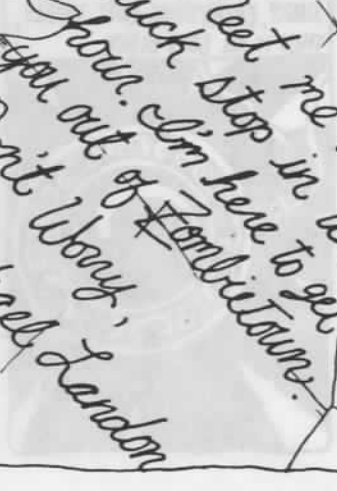
I KEPT MY EYES ON HIM, TELEPATHICALLY PLEADING FOR HELP, AND HE KEPT HIS EYES ON ME. ELVIS KEPT HIS EYES ON THE FLOOR, AS HAD BECOME HIS ROUTINE. I WATCHED AS THE STRANGER WROTE SOMETHING ON A SCRAP OF PAPER AND WRAPPED IT IN A DOLLAR BILL....



DURING A PARTICULARLY MOVING RE rendition OF 'STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN' I GOT CLOSE ENOUGH FOR HIM TO SLIP IT DOWN THE FRONT OF MY DRESS. THE CROWD CHEERED AND WHISTLED..



AS THE LAST OF THE CROWD FILED OUT, I UNFOLDED THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE...



Meet me at the truck stop in an hour. I'm here to get you out of Emburytown. Don't Worry, Michael Landon



SO THATS WHERE I RECOGNIZED THE FACE. NOW, MICHAEL LANDON, HOW COOL!...

AN HOUR LATER, WE HEAD TO THE TRUCKSTOP AND FIND MICHAEL SITTING IN THE CORNER BOOTH...



STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN IS PLAYING ON THE JUKEBOX. ITS BECOME QUITE A HIT HERE.. I ONLY JUST REALIZE THE IRONY OF IT ALL.



WE CASUALLY SIT DOWN WITH MICHAEL, AND NO ONE REALLY NOTICES OR SEEMS TO SUSPECT A THING.



"SO MIKE, ELVIS ASKS "WHAT DO WE DO?"



"HERE" HE ANSWERS "JUST PUT THESE ON, GO BACK TO YOUR CHAMBERS, AND BE READY IN EXACTLY 15 MINUTES."



"WHAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN?" ELVIS ASKS, BUT WE LOOK UP AND MICHAEL IS GONE.



15 MINUTES LATER, AS WE'RE STILL WAITING FOR MICHAEL TO BEAM DOWN ON A CLOUD OR SOMETHING, THE PENDANTS START TO GLOW.



SECONDS LATER, THE FLOOR GETS SHAKY, EVERYTHING GOES SWIRLY, THEN IT ALL GOES BLACK.



SUDDENLY, WE'RE IN MIAMI, STANDING IN FRONT OF THE PINK FLAMINGO MOTEL WITH MICHAEL...



HOW YOU CAN DO IT

15. Are you careful not to criticize other girls in your group without being sure that you know all the facts?
16. Do you guard your tongue—almost always—against repeating tales you hear about others?
17. Are you courteous to those about you—to your friends, to your family and to other adults?
18. Do you make a special effort to help newcomers in the group, at school or in your neighborhood feel welcome?
19. Do you work happily with others, even when the group is not doing something that you particularly enjoy?
20. Can you usually see the funny side of things—even when the joke is on you?
21. Do you honestly like most of the girls in your group?
22. Do you enjoy doing things for others whether you get credit for them or not?
23. Are you a do-er rather than a day-dreamer when you are with a group?
24. Do you like to help plan things for your group to do?
25. Are you on the look-out for ways to help the new girls in your group feel at ease?
26. Does it make you happy to compliment others on the things they do well?
27. Do you remember the likeable qualities of your friends and forget the things about them which you dislike?



"HOLD ON A SEC." HE SAYS, AND VANISHES AROUND THE CORNER. ELVIS SHIFTS UNCOMFORTABLY FROM FOOT TO FOOT.



I REALIZE THAT I FORGOT TO LEAVE THAT AWFUL HAT BEHIND, AND AFTER A SECOND OF DEBATE, I GIVE IT TO A WOMAN WHO ASKS ME FOR SPARE CHANGE.



SHE GIVES ME A DIRTY LOOK AS SHE WALKS AWAY.



BEFORE WE KNOW IT MICHAEL IS BACK. HE LOOKS LIKE HE HAS SOME GOOD NEWS.



"I'VE TALKED TO SOME PEOPLE" HE SAID "AND YOU'RE BOTH FREE TO GO." "YOU" HE POINTED AT ME "WERE NEVER MEANT FOR PURGATORY, AT LEAST NOT YET ANYWAY."



"AND YOU," HE POINTS AT ELVIS, "HAVE DEFINITELY PAID YOUR DUES, ENOUGH IN FACT, FOR US TO GIVE YOU ANOTHER CHANCE AT LIFE."



"WOW," WE SAY SIMULTANEOUSLY. "THANKS MIKE!" "NO PROBLEM," HE SMILES. "THAT'S MY JOB..."



THEN HE STOOD BACK, SNAPPED HIS FINGERS, AND MY CAR APPEARED IN FRONT OF US.



HE PAT US ON THE BACKS, SAID "GOOD LUCK," SNAPPED HIS FINGERS AGAIN, AND WAS GONE.



I TURNED TO ELVIS AND SMILED. "WELL," I SAID, "CLIMB IN. WE'VE GOT A LONG DRIVE AHEAD OF US... BUT FIRST, LET'S GET A BITE TO EAT..."



THE END

★ i voted for old, fat elvis... in case you were wondering...

Test Your Charm Through the Looking Glass

Score the number of yesses, one point for each answer, then see what your portrait looks like. At the end of your Camp Fire year, take a "second look" and see how much you have improved!



- 21-27 Fairest of them all
- 16-20 Lovely to look at
- 11-15 Average type
- 6-10 Droopy
- 1-5 Help! Help!



1. Do you keep your halo polished by vigorous daily brushing and frequent shampoos?
2. Do your hands speak well of you with their short, clean nails?
3. Do Camp Fire sports and games help you to "sit pretty" and walk tall?
4. Does the family physician give you a check-up once a year?
5. Does your design for eating include the Basic Seven?
6. Is your inner charm reflected in a smooth, clear skin?
7. Do you pamper your feet, getting shoes large enough to carry you comfortably through a busy day?
8. Can you say "No" and mean it, when candy or other sweets tempt you before a meal?
9. Does life look rosy because you get plenty of sleep?
10. Do sparkling teeth make it fun to smile?
11. Does your service costume always have that "out of a band-box" look?
12. Do you carefully avoid attention-getting mannerisms, such as loud talking, interrupting others, etc.?
13. Do you watch for and discard immediately as unbecoming to a Camp Fire Girl personal habits which are annoying to other people, such as biting your fingernails, chewing gum, etc.?
14. Can you be depended upon to do whatever tasks you take as your responsibilities?